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VENICE

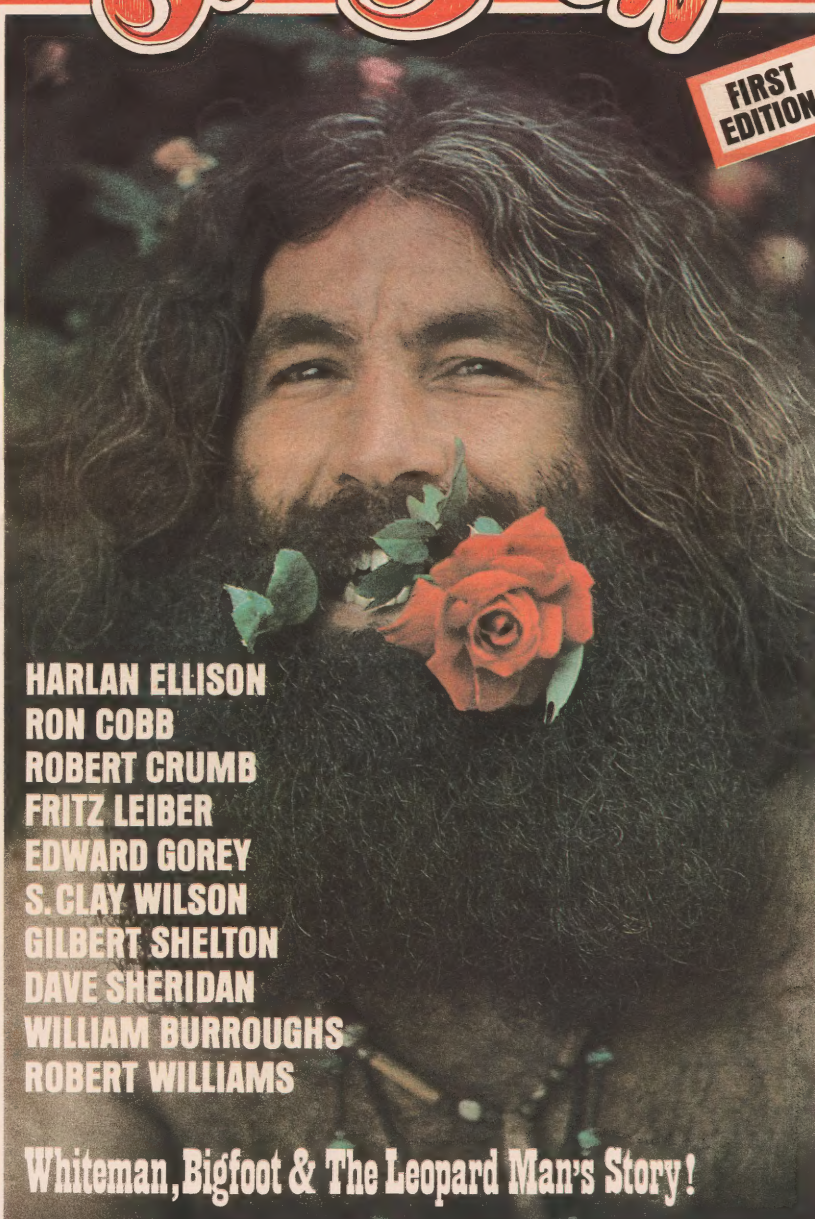
SideShow



ISSUE NO. 1

September, 1974

**FIRST
EDITION!**

A large, high-contrast black and white photograph of Harlan Ellison. He has long, dark, wavy hair and a very full, dark beard. He is smiling slightly, looking upwards and to the right. A single red rose with green leaves is tucked into his beard, partially covering his mouth. The background is dark and out of focus.

**HARLAN ELLISON
RON COBB
ROBERT CRUMB
FRITZ LEIBER
EDWARD GOREY
S. CLAY WILSON
GILBERT SHELTON
DAVE SHERIDAN
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
ROBERT WILLIAMS**

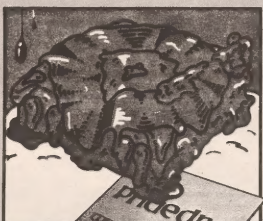
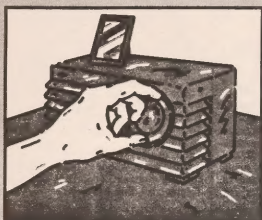
Whiteman, Bigfoot & The Leopard Man's Story!

"Side Show goes on!"

"Tangerine Dream are something special.
Their music is fluid and intricate, and invites you to be something more than sensory."

—Charles Nicholls, Rolling Stone.

MUSIC THAT MELTS



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With "Phaedra," their newest album, Tangerine Dream is now available in the U.S. Once you've listened to it, music will never be quite the same again.

*Melody Maker, April 6, 1974.

From Virgin Records and Tapes, the "Tubular Bells" people. (Distributed by Atlantic Records)



SideShow

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Jack London
A friend in need
Big John Jones

SideShow



Step right up!

Welcome to the mighty first edition of the Venice SideShow!
the greatest show on pulp!

Within these pages are gathered the beautiful, the bawdy, the seamy
and sublime; all here to entertain and amuse, brought from the far-
flung corners of the mind to tweak your concepts and titillate your
risibilities!

Getting our act together for this first performance has been more fun
than we could have guessed, and made possible only by whopping
assists from our friends, from established giants in their fields, to
talented newcomers who slipped in under the tent flap.
the show's Begun. Have fun!

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About the cover: Anton Zaubert's magnificent cover photograph of Big John Jones came about quite simply because Big John stopped by our editorial offices deep within our garage headquarters in the heart of Venice, at the very time we were discussing possible covers. We like his mug and there you have it.

THE BEACH AT SANTA MONICA FROM VENICE TO MALIBU



At any one time
A man may see too much,
Feel too much,
Know too much,
Want too much.
Too much knowledge swirls the mind,
Too much feeling twists,
Too much striving paralyzes.
Listen to the birds,
Listen to the wind,
Listen to the sea.
See the ocean's white spiders
Dying in the spume fringe.
Observe the wheeling gulls,
Black flakes of coming night.
Watch for the green flash
Of the vanishing sun.
See the golden stalks of the jets
Grow in the afterglow.
Walk in the sound of the surf.
Study the constant moon
As she walks west and east
And south and north,
Marking her bounds.
Strengthen yourself in sensation,
Brace yourself against your atoms.
The world is firm.
The universe is sure.
Return again to this knowledge.

— Fritz Leiber

FAT FREDDY'S CAT

and his friends..

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BY GILBERT SHELTON & DAVE SHERIDAN

THOSE COCKROACHES ARE GONNA TAKE OVER THE PLACE! THIS POISON OUGHTA DO 'EM IN !!

UNDERNEATH THE STOVE, THE KING OF THE COCKROACHES RECEIVES A DISTRAUGHT ROYAL MESSENGER.

THEY'RE PUTTING OUT POISON, YOUR MAJESTY!

CALL IN THE "TASTERS."

(GULP!) WHEW! IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOUR MAJESTY!

(SLURP!)

IT'S ONE OF THOSE WE'RE IMMUNE TO !!

TASTY, TOO!

PERHAPS WE CAN PERSUADE THEM TO GIVE US SOME MORE!

SEND THE ROYAL BALLET COMPANY OUT ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR TO PERFORM THE "DANCE OF DEATH!"

...AND TELL THEM NOT TO STOP UNTIL I SAY IT'S OKAY!

LET'S MAKE SURE WE FOOL THEM!

WOW, LOOK AT 'EM DIE!

YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE, FAT FREDDY!

I'LL PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY!

STOMP

YOUR MAJESTY! THEY SQUASHED NUREYEV, AND DAME MARGOT AND..

TELL THE REST TO KEEP DANCING!

WE HAVE LOTS MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM!



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Ecawareness

Harlan Ellison

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Once upon a time — something between 1,800,000,000 and 3,000,000,000 years ago — after the Earth had partly liquified through loss of heat by radiation from the outside and partly by adiabatic expansion, its Mommy said *gaey schluffen*, the Earth had a cookie, spit up, and went to bed.

It slept soundly (save for a moment in 1755 when a Kräut named Kant made a whole lot of noise trying to figure out how the sun had been created) and didn't wake up till a Tuesday in 1963 at which time — about four in the morning, a shitty hour of the night except for suicides — it realized it was having a hard time breathing.

"Kaff kaff," it said, wiping out half the Trobriand Islands and whatever lay East of Java.

Casting about to discover what had wakened it, the Earth realized it was the All-Night Movie on Channel 11, snippets of a Maria Montez film *Cobra Woman*, (1944) interrupting an aging cruiser king hustling '55 Mercs with pep pills in their gas tanks and lines of weariness in their grilles.



The Earth waited till dawn and began to look around. Everywhere it looked the rivers smelled like the grease traps in Army kitchens, the hills had been sheared away to provide clinging space for American Plywood cages with indoor plumbing, the watershed had been scorched flat, valleys had been paved over causing a most uncomfortable construction of the Earth's breathing, the birds sang off-key and the bullfrogs

sounded like Eddie Cantor, whom the Earth had never much cared for anyway. And overhead, the light hurt the Earth's eyes.



Everything looked gray and funky.

"Boy," the Earth said, in its rustic way, "I don't like this a whole lot," and so the Earth began taking steps.

The first was against a shaggy sophomore from Michigan State University who, while parading around a Texaco station, carrying a placard that read STOP POLLUTION, ate a Power House bar and threw the wrapper in the gutter.



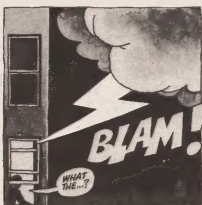
The Earth opened and swallowed him.

The next step was taken against fifty-six thousand Green Bay Packers fans as they crawled in imitation of a thousand-wheeled worm toward Lambeau Field, where their Cro-Magnon idols had waiting for them a sound trouncing at the hands and feet of the New Orleans Saints. The Earth, choking on the exhaust fumes of the automobiles, caused a lava flow to erupt from a nearby hillside, boiling down on the lines of traffic, solidifying instantly into a marvelous free-form sculpture of thirty thousand hot-rock-encased autos containing fifty-six thousand fried fans.

The next step was taken against the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, gathered in the Hollywood Bowl before a single-throated horde of Jesus People. They were singing Laura Nyro's "Save the Children" when the Earth re-channelled seven underground rivers and turned the amphitheater into the thirteenth largest natural lake in the United States.



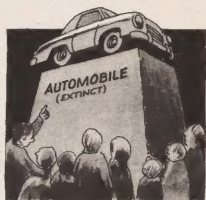
Then followed in madcap array, a series of forays against prominent individuals. Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, speeding along the Lake Shore Drive, was inundated by seventy thousand tons of garbage from the burning dumps lining the scenic route; Ralph Nader's office in Washington D.C. was struck by bolts of lightning for



twenty minutes. Barbra Streisand's townhouse in Manhattan suddenly vanished into a bottomless pit that yawned in the middle of the fashionable East Fifties. Her C above high C was heard for hours.

Volcanos destroyed the refineries, storage depots, administration buildings and Manhattan offices of Standard Oil of Ohio, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, California, Texas and Rhode Island. The Earth took along Rhode Island in its entirety, possibly out of pique.

Eventually, when the *mene mene tekel* was written across the Grand Tetons in letters of burning forest fire, people began to get the idea.



The automobile was banned. All assembly lines shut down. Preservatives were eliminated from foods. Seals were left alone. A family of auk were discovered in New Zealand, doing rather

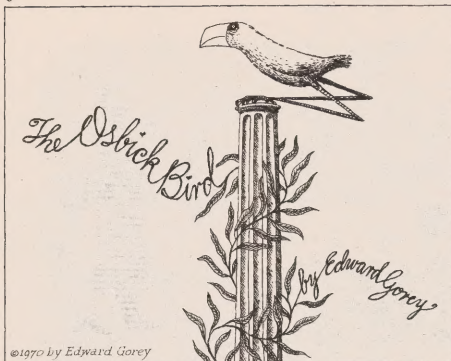


nicely, thank you. And in Loch Ness, the serpent finally came up and took a deep breath.

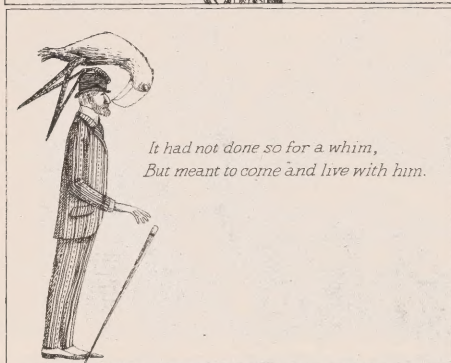


And from that day to this, there was never again a blotch of climatic smegma on the horizon, the Earth settled down knowing the human race had learned its lesson and would never again take a ka-ka in its own nest, and that is why today the National Emphysema Society declared itself out of business.

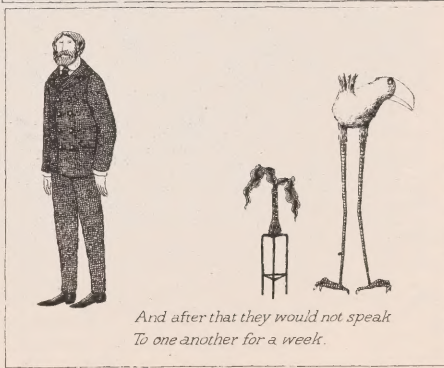
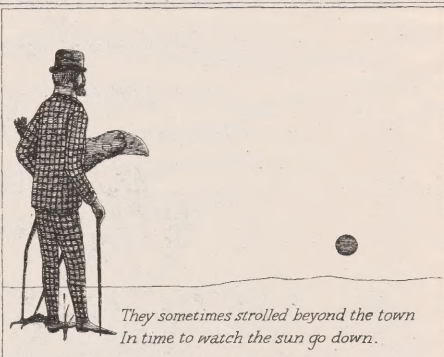
Now isn't that a nice story. And fuck you, too.

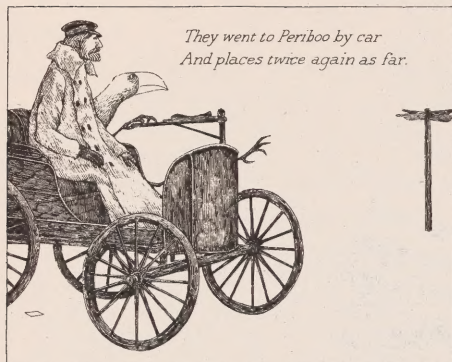


An oslick bird flew down and sat
On Emblus Fingby's bowler hat.

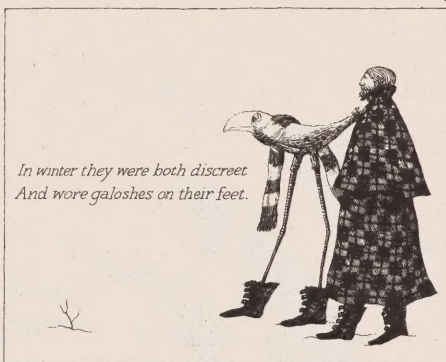


On Fridays Emblus played the flute;
The bird now joined him on a lute.





*They went to Periboo by car
And places twice again as far.*



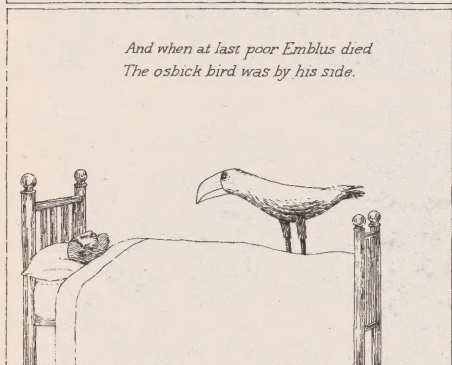
*In winter they were both discreet
And wore galoshes on their feet.*



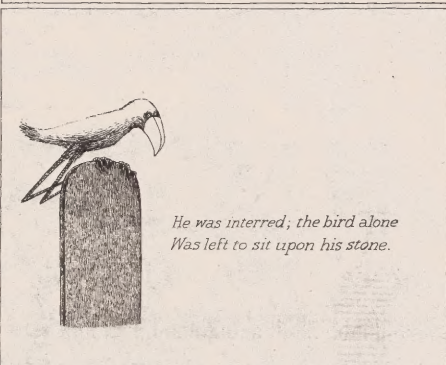
*Upon the river Oad the two
Were often seen in their canoe.*



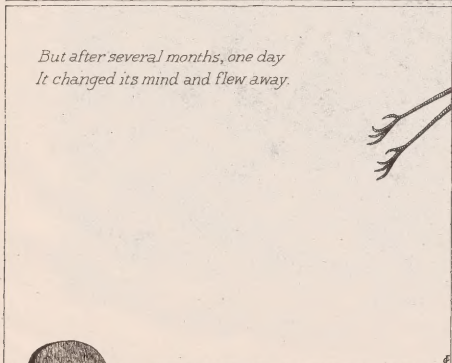
*The years passed by in pressing weeds
And making bell-pulls out of beads.*



*And when at last poor Emblus died
The osbick bird was by his side.*



*He was interred; the bird alone
Was left to sit upon his stone.*



*But after several months, one day
It changed its mind and flew away.*

EDWARD GOREY
The Osbick Bird

For the lady of the boat

Barbara Birdfeather Anatomy of a Rock Band

Part One:

So many people imagine the rock and roll life to be easy, seamless...effortless nights of loud music, days spent sleeping (hardly alone), laughing and sometimes rehearsing. Or, if your imaginations are a bit less prosaic, the finer details can often escape you. Therefore, we intend in this space in the coming months, to explore and investigate the inner workings of up-and-coming bands making masterful music or, on occasion, hot artists who've reached some sort of pinnacle (with emphasis on the "hows" of their arrival).

First in this series then, is The Man Band, sometimes called the Greatful Dead or Allman Brothers of Wales.

"Hello loves,

Detroit isn't as tough as it thinks, Kansas is full of cows, St. Louis is falling apart, Milwaukee's German and straight. Take me back to Hollywood. I promise I'll get back soon. Take care. Love. Deke"

Last April that message appeared on the back of an elephant 3-D postcard, postmark obscured yet from somewhere in the U.S.A. from Deke Leonard, the lead guitarist with The Man Band who were then on their first American tour. It took six years, ten albums and a lot of fearless patience for The Man Band to finally make it to the States this past March. Earlier tours had been planned, but with the almost atypical problems plaguing rock bands—varied breakups and shakings, drug busts and survival priorities—they'd always been cancelled, often at the last minute. This time, however, pushed from Hawkwind, who invited The Man Band to open the show for them on their second run 'round the U.S., and shows from Andrew Lauder, United Artists' (both Hawkwind and Man's label) persona-

most-grata about London, got them on a plane across the great water...Hollywood, an appropriate first vision for this melange of Welshmen.

Oddly enough Man've considered themselves an American sort of band crediting Elvis Presley, ex-Monkee Michael Nesmith (of late making stellar music in the country vein) and the John Cippolina-era Quicksilver band as main influences. Indeed upon meeting Gary Duncan, Quicksilver's rhythm guitarist, backstage in Atlanta where both were appearing, Deke Leonard's ravings about Cippolina to Duncan provoked hostile stares from the darkly brooding Dino Valenti, Quicksilver's current lead player. (In case you're wondering what's become of Quicksilver, Duncan explained to Deke, "We're trying to be as obscure as possible.")

That sense of obscurity (in the U.S. anyway) is not at all new to The Man Band. Although they've earned an enormous cult following in their native Wales and huge concert successes in Great Britain and Europe, they haven't been able to make a dent in the American market. Many of their LPs have never been released here, radio airplay has been light at best, and those shifts of personnel within the group have hardly been a stabilizing influence on either the musicians or the audience.

But music will out. Travelling on that whirlwind 17-city tour with Hawkwind, The Man Band heard crowds respond wildly to Deke's fast, flashy yet poignant guitar solos; when coupled with Micky Jones' guitar, applause at the combined duo-solos has been deafening. Deke put it this way, "We've been doing hour and a half sets...just amazing. We really love it. There've been some bummers, some diseases but it's been terrific all the way. We can't wait to get back."

There are those of us who look forward too, with longing, to the next time, the next gig, the next arrival of drumkits, keyboards, guitars and basses bustling into a club or a concert hall, Welsh accents lilting in backstage corridors. But first The Man Band had to go back to England where their latest LP, *Rhinos, Winos and Lunatics*, was released to almost instant chart success. Both British and Continental tours followed, to more appreciative followers in larger halls than before, with Deke and cohorts Micky Jones, keyboarder Malcolm Morley, bassist Ken Whaley and drummer Terry Williams off being recognized on the streets now—shy smiles passing between comparative strangers sharing the sensuous and magic of music. A nod is

all you need in acknowledgement of those special spaces, and that nod somehow makes it all—the hardships, the delays, the broken strings and the aching hearts—worthwhile.

Rumor from an inspired record company source says The Man Band will be grinding and playing their way 'cross the U.S.A. come September/October, touring this time with the Electric Light Orchestra. Till then their new album, and Deke's second solo effort *Kamakazi*, will spin 'round turntables, pouring out crisp rock and roll, filling our rooms with decidedly up and definitely fine sounds, reminding us always that the music is, after all, the message.

Hollywood, here I come.



Man



LOOK FOR FLASH CADILLAC AND THE CONTINENTAL KIDS AT STREET CORNERS AND HANG-OUTS NEAR YOU.

Is Anyone There? by Ariel

Sometimes when you are alone and it is very quiet, a strange feeling may come over you that *you are not really entirely alone*. Perhaps it is something glimpsed out of the corner of the eye, something that seems to evade your direct stare, possibly it is only a slight but unexplainable sound of movement in the next room. I don't wish to alarm you because the majority of times this situation occurs, there is a very reasonable explanation — your eyes are playing tricks because you are tired, the rustling in the next room is merely a branch being blown against the glass in the window, or maybe it is a mouse scurrying by to a place of safety. It might even be a resident poltergeist with whom you have come to terms. *Or it may be a tiny man called an homunculus conjured up by one of your acquaintances to carry out his master's bidding.*

At this point you may find it difficult to suppress a slight smile of disbelief. But can you be sure? Of course not. The existence of such phenomena cannot be dismissed merely because you have not yet experienced their presence. To carry this logic to its ultimate conclusion one would have to deny the existence of all human beings in the world whom one has not yet met personally.

Intimate knowledge of such beings and their kin has been a part of mankind's awareness since ancient times. One of the best known masters in this area was the physician Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, known as Paracelsus, (circa 1490-1541). This worthy sage wrote many books on all of the occult sciences — and, remarkably, some of these writings exist to this day.

To make an Homunculus of one's own, a recipe attributed to Paracelsus is as follows:

"Concentrate for forty days in an alembic (a chemical vessel used in distillation, usually made of glass or metal) a sufficient quantity of Sperma Viri (human semen). At the end of this period you will see moving in the receptacle a little human form, perfectly clear but almost nonexistent. If you feed this embryo with a little human blood, being careful to keep it for four weeks in an even temperature equal to that of a horse's stomach, you can create a real child, but very, very small. It is what we call an Homunculus or little man. The art which gave him life, and which can perpetuate that life, makes him one of the most extraordinary productions of human science and the power of God. This little creature has intelligence and its mysterious manner of birth gives it the ability to investigate and communicate to us the secret of the most inscrutable mysteries."

Almost everyone has heard of the mandrake plant, relative of both nightshade and the potato family. The root of mandrake is said to resemble a small man, and is highly prized for its supernatural powers. This plant is also called the mandragora, a name given to still another tiny man-like creature, as highly prized as the Homunculus. To make a Mandragora:

"Take a black hen's egg and extract as much of the white as would equal in volume a large bean. Replace this white of egg with Sperma Viri, and seal the egg with a piece of virgin parchment, slightly moistened. Then put your egg in a pile of dung the first day of the March moon. After allowing thirty days for incubation, a tiny monster resembling a human being will come out of the egg. You must keep it hidden in some secret place, feed it with lavender seeds and earth worms."

Another method which is presented here merely as a curiosity, but which is in no way recommended is as follows:

"Bleed a black chicken during the night at a crossroad where four paths meet. As you cut its throat, say 'Berith, do my work for twenty years,' and bury the chicken very deep so that it will not be disturbed by any marauders. The spirit thus invoked will follow you everywhere and will bring you success in all you undertake."

A word of warning: no experiment in divination should be practiced for any reason other than the highest moral purpose. Never should the powers be called upon to act malefically against victims and enemies. To do so is to run the risk of losing one's immortal spirit to the powers of darkness and divine annihilation.

However, if you should feel yourself to be the victim of some evil manifestation, then the following spell from thirteenth century folklore may act as a protection. On a piece of parchment, which must be kept close at hand at all times, write:

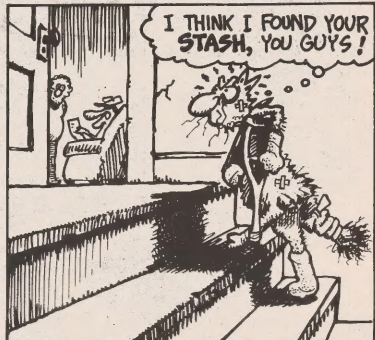
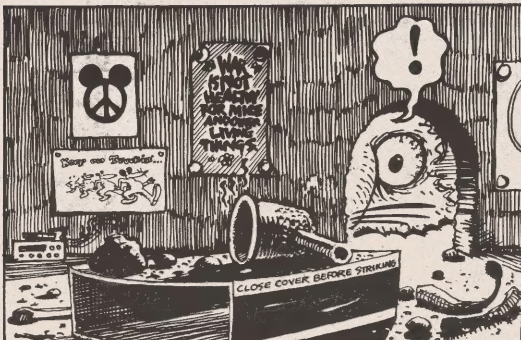
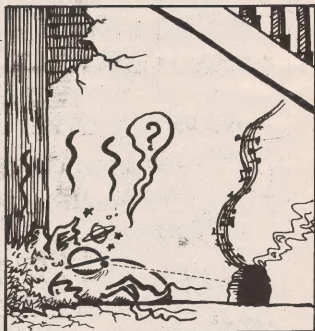
S D P N Q C N
D P N Q C N
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N O C N
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EAT FREDDY'S CAT

AND HIS FRIENDS...

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"Laco" Bob's Notebook

A WEEK AROUND THE L.A. BASIN WITH A HELL'S ANGEL



(Editor's Note: We suspect that most everybody has, at one time or other, considered chucking the rat race in favor of a cutoff and a Harley. The following excerpts from the diary of "LACO" Bob Lawrence, of the Los Angeles chapter of the Hell's Angels, give a revealing glimpse into what a confirmed biker's lifestyle is all about.)

MONDAY:

After one hell of a weekend, it only seemed appropriate to visit the local clap clinic. Monday's the big day there, with all the weekend warriors trooping in for pecker checks.

I was stationed in my usual spot by the water fountain, when this sweet little thing named Lisa came up to me and said, "You probably don't remember me, but about three years ago you got me out of a very bad situation with a sex-craved guy named Moose." Well, it doesn't take much of an imagination - just one quick look at this fox - to figure out what I'd saved her for! We exchanged phone numbers and in two weeks (after we've faithfully taken all our pills) it should be party time. Who said you shouldn't make a date in a clap clinic?!

After supper, we tripped over to the Griffith Park Planetarium and caught the laser light show I'd been hearing so much about. It turned out to be such an incredible trip that I didn't even try to get my two bucks back!

TUESDAY:

Rode out to Highland Park for an M.M.A. (Modified Motorcycle Association) meeting. Many bikers have been supporting this organization as it seems to be the last chance we have to stop anti-motorcycle legislation like the helmet law, no-fault insurance, muffler violations, and the point system for revoking licenses. Seems like if we all stand together - club members, loners, and everybody we might not get legislated off the road.

About 90 dudes and 30 broads crammed into Chaps Saloon for the meeting. Beer, wine, and streakers made for a big time. By the end of the meeting everyone was screwed up and the ones who could still stand took off for the beach.

WEDNESDAY:

This is the biggie on Van Nuys Boulevard! Everyone who was a

lowrider car or highrider car, van or motorcycle, is cruising up and down the avenue, hot engines burning gas by the tankful, all the rumpkins doing the same Wednesday night thing that's been going on for the past 15 years. Looks to me like the mad evacuation in a Jap monster movie!

I go there to pass out M.M.A. applications and try to pick up floozies. Most of the bikers out there ride about 20 miles a week (around the corner hot dog stand). A lot of chrome and fancy paint jobs make for quite a sight.

THURSDAY:

Business day. Got together with Bob Bitchin (Robert Lipkin, Editor of the Biker News) over at Gary Friedman's place to talk over promotion and distribution of the newspaper. Subscriptions



have been pouring in and this thing looks like an instant success. Friedman says he's never been involved in such an "unsophisticated" paper but he's amazed at how much biker spirit comes through and at how great the layout is. As for Lipshits, he's starting to get an idea of how many headaches are involved in getting a paper out. Good thing he's got a lot of support (like my housemates) and a great columnist like LACO Bob!

FRIDAY:

Time to find a new floozie for Saturday and Sunday, so I rode over to Hollywood - Clap Capitol of the World - and started down Western Avenue where I first spotted a real nice one wagging her ass down the sidewalk. But I was too far back. Some creep in a Cad pulled up in front of me and when he leaned over to talk to the chick, a black and white zoomed over and busted him. As the girl waived to the cops and headed for the next trap, I pulled over and watched the guy get handcuffed and have his car driven off. I decided that it was too close a call and headed off to the Sheriff's territory where they don't play such funny games.

I pulled over to a sweet thing going down Sunset and hit her with my best curbside manner. "A ride for a ride?" She smiled and wiggled over and said in a deep voice, "Sure. Where would you like to go?" Well, I was just putting myself on the back for making such a quick score, when I noticed that she needed a shave. So I split to find some strange stuff that wasn't quite that strange.

SATURDAY:

Went to Lost Lake for a fund raising run for a member of another club who'd lost his left leg when a gust of wind got him into a head-on with a V.W. bus. His club brothers set up the run with beer and wine and found a band. It was one hell of a party with people rolling in the dirt and throwing each other in the lake. Good to see so much togetherness between brothers from different clubs.

SUNDAY:

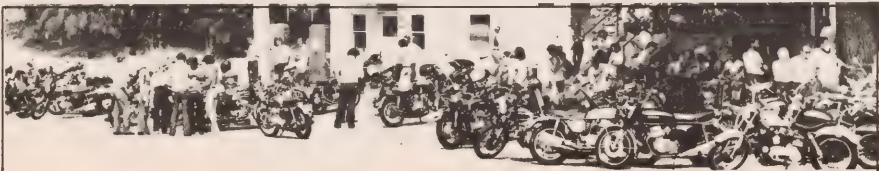
Got up early - well, about 10:00 a.m. and rolled my housemates out of the kingsize bed. Sent one off to work and the other to the kitchen. Smoked breakfast, then pushed the starter on my Harley 74 and went to Griffith Park to find a Sunday floozie. But some snipper had taken over a small hill in the park and the L.A.P.D. decided to take over the rest of the park, so there wasn't a broad around.

Left the park and headed for the Rock Store in the Malibu Canyon area (where winding roads are such a challenge for the cafe racers). The Rock Store has been a biker gathering place for many years, providing juice and food and a place to sit around and shoot the bull and look over each other's bikes. Sometimes you can see as many as a hundred bikes at the store.

On the way up there, I looked in my mirror and saw 6 or 8 cafe style bikes behind me. I was going about 40 and scraping my pipes in the corners, when all of a sudden, the nuts passed me like I was standing still. For the next few miles, I expected to see bent scooters and bodies laying in the ditch, but these crazy bastards all made it. Remarkable!

From Malibu Canyon, I rode down to Hermosa Beach to write my column and turn in film to the Biker News. Smoked supper with Bob Lipkin and headed for home after a 112 mile Sunday drive.

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I Am Dying, Meester?

Panama clung to our bodies—Probably cut—Anything made this dream—It has consumed the customers of fossil orgasm—Ran into my old friend Jones—So badly off, forgotten, coughing in 1920 movie—Vaudeville voices hustle sick down breath on bed service—Idiot Mambo spattered backwards—I nearly suffocated trying on the boy's breath—That's Panama—Nitrous flesh swept out by your voice and end of receiving set—Brain eating birds patrol the low frequency brain waves—Post card waiting forgotten civilians 'and they are all on jelly fish, Meester—Panama photo town—Dead post card of junk.'

Sad hand down backward time track—Genital pawn ticket peeled his stale underwear—Brief bow on screen laughing my skivies all the way down—Whispers of dark street in Puerto Asis—Meester smiles through the village wastrel—Orgasm siphoned back telegram: 'Johnny pants down'—(That stale summer dawn smell in the garage—Vines twisting through steel—Bare feet in dog's excrement.)

Panama clung to our bodies from Las Palmas to David on camphor sweet smells of cooking paregoric—Burned down the republic—The druggist no glot clom Fliday—Panama mirrors of 1910 under seal in any drug store—He threw in the towel, morning light on cold coffee—

Junk kept nagging me: 'I lushed in East St. Louis, I knew you'd come scraping bone—Once a junky always junky and rotten—I knew your life—Junk sick four days there.'

State breakfast table—Little cat smile—Pain and death smell of his sickness in the room with me—Three souvenir shots of Panama city—Old friend came and stayed all day—Face eaten by 'I need more'—I have noticed this in the New World—'You come with me, Meester?'

And Joselito moved in at Las Playas during the essentials—Stuck in this place—Iridescent lagoons, swamp delta, gas flares—Bubbles of coal gas still be saying 'A ver, Lucke's!' a hundred years from now—A rotting teak wood balcony propped up by Ecuador.

'The brujo began crooning a special case—It was like going under ether into the eyes of a shrunken head—Numb, covered with layers of cotton—Don't know if you got my last hints trying to break out of this numb dizziness with Chinese characters—All I want is out of here—Hurry up please—Took possession of me—How many plots have made a botanical expedition like this before they could take place?—Scenic railways—I am dying cross wine dizziness—I was saying over and over "shifted commissions where the awning flaps" Flashes in front of my eyes your voice and end of the line.'

That whinning Panama clung to our bodies—I went into Chico's Bar on mouldy pawn ticket, waiting in 1920 movie for a rum coke—Nitrous flesh under this honky tonk swept out by your voice: 'Driving Nails In My Coffin'—Brain eating birds patrol 'Your Cheating Heart'—Dead post card waiting a place forgotten—Light concussion of 1920 movie—Casual adolescent had undergone special G.I. processing—Evening on the boy's flesh naked—Key trying to touch in sleep—'Old photographer trick wait for Johnny—Here goes Mexican cemetery.' On the sea wall met a purple twilight and white striped T shirt—P. G. town in the boy with red and white striped T shirt—P. G. town in the purple twilight—The boy peeled off his stale underwear scraping erection—Warm rain on the iron roof—Under the ceiling fan stood naked on bed service—Bodies touched electric film, contact sparks tingled—Fan whiffs of young hard on washing adolescent T shirt—The blood smells drowned voices and end of the line—That's Panama—Sad movie drifting in islands of rubbish, black lagoons and fish people waiting a place forgotten—Fossil honky tonk swept out by a ceiling fan—Old photographer trick tuned them out.

'I am dying, Meester?'

Flashes in front of my eyes naked and sullen—Rotten dawn wind in sleep—Death rot on Panama photo where the awning flaps.

William Burroughs

FROM THE YAGE LETTERS, an early episodic novel by William S. Burroughs, celebrated author of *The Soft Machine* and *The Ticket That Exploded*. Burroughs' 1951 account of himself as Junkie, published under the pseudonym William Lee, ended 'Yage may be the final fix.' In letters to Allen Ginsberg, an unknown young poet in New York, his journey to the Amazon jungle is recorded, detailing picaresque incidents of search for telepathic-hallucinogenic-mind-expanding drug Yage (Ayahuasca, or Banisteriopsis Caapi) used by Amazon Indian doctors for finding lost objects, mostly bodies and souls. Author and recipient of these letters met again in New York, June 1953, printed and edited the writings to form a single book. Correspondence contains first seeds of later Burroughian fantasy in *Naked Lunch*. Seven years later Ginsberg in Peru writes his old guru an account of his own visions and terrors with the same drug, appealing for further counsel. Burroughs' mysterious reply is sent. The volume concludes with two epilogues: a short note from Ginsberg on his return from the Orient years later reassuring Bill that he is still here on earth, and a final poetic cut-out by Burroughs, 'I Am Dying, Meester?'

Copyright 1964 by William S. Burroughs & Allen Ginsberg
City Lights Bookstore, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94133.



Clair Horner



FAR OUT OF SIGHT INSIGHTS

- The patience it takes, waiting for a toaster you forgot to plug in.
- The common man is he who turns the great man's gifts into shit.
- Those who never do anything quite right are the same ones who don't care if the toilet splashes them back.
- The garbage collectors' union is trying to sign up morticians.
- When the vegetables of the world unite, they'll make a very strong vegetable.
- No self-respecting person is fat, smokes cigarettes, takes dope or goes to church.
- About as unmanly as a guy can look is pregnant.
- "False religion" is a redundancy.
- Where cruelty is called bravery and love is called sin, life is cheap.
- Dope, religion and alcohol sell well to those who envy the insane.
- Religion is a unique jail in which you are trained to be your own guard.
- Religion standardizes mental disorder.
- Religion removes fear, while leaving danger intact.
- If you live a good life, you leave heaven when you die.
- "I love you" usually means, "You support my neuroses and encourage my delusions."
- When society is healthy, no one will have his first orgasm in the bathroom, alone.
- One of the great advantages of sex is that it reduces the tensions it builds.
- Women don't need bathing suits, but men do need something to discourage curious fish.
- Stay friendly with doctors — they can kill you and say, "Oops!"
- Spiders don't know much, but what they know is the truth.
- If you want to keep something, don't lean it against a garbage can.
- Reaction says little and speaks often.
- Revenge gives you that nice clean feeling down deep inside.
- You can walk away from a prick, unless he's you.
- There is no reason why attempted crime should not bring the same punishment as successful crime.
- A successful dragon-slayer picks his dragons carefully.
- Safety thrills me.
- Wouldn't it be hell to escape the bomb and get bit by a mad squirrel in the mountains and die of rabies?
- This isn't generally known but, if all the capillaries in your body were laid out to end, you'd die.
- A true gentleman is he who can pick his nose with dignity.
- Horner's Law: No matter how long you look in the wrong place for something, you'll never find it.
- I'm grateful for the occasional small errors that save me from hopeless conceit.
- I'll be glad when they perfect space travel, so I can go home.

Books presently in print are "Please Don't Step on the Bacon" and "Please Don't Tread on the Bread". By mail from Clair Horner, Box 283, Venice, Calif. 90291, for \$1.00 the each.

Magnetic Misory:

a good grip on the sweetbreads ...



"The concert business is like roller derby or pro wrestling ... one group comes on dressed like Indians, the next comes out in break-away dresses."

I remembered Danny Wildflower's comment as I walked up the stairs of Spectrum Studios on the ocean front in Venice.

Magnetic Misery is a Venice based touring rock band of compelling visual appeal, but it was the music which openly seduced: like a fourteen year old hooker with laughter in her eyes and your sweetbreads in her hand.

The five piece group got right into "God Goes Both Ways", a multi-levelled original thing with a pulsing, elemental intuition, leering through veils of subtler nuance, like the shifting memory of a primal wet dream.

Mary, the lead singer, lifted by thermals from the others, took us Andes-high with an easy clarity and range reminiscent of Ina Sunac, yet with a musky patina about the lower register that banished innocence ... forever.

Proving this visceral terrain, Wildflower's sporadic vocals were a turgid counterpoint; often articulate, always elemental.

Later, walking home, I felt a little like a rube on the midway: I knew there was a trick to it, and I wanted more.

The following interview was distilled from a taped conversation between Danny Wildflower and Jack Phoenix at Wildflower's "house" in Venice, California. Also present was Poppa, a large shaggy dog in a Countess Marge tie.

Hey, were you asleep?

No, no. C'mon in ... do you wanna beer? (The guy's got such a naturally dirty voice that the most innocuous phrase leaves no perversion unimplicated.)

Oh, man ... those guys musta drunk all that beer! How 'bout some of this?

ALL RIGHT!!

(sometimes later ...)

Do you write all your own material?

Most of it ... I steal a lot, but I call it my own. I believe that anybody who doesn't steal can't get an original sound.

Do you deal in messages at all?

The whole purpose of the group is to pick up girls. (Dirty laughter) Our message is: we want to steal your women.

How did the group get together?

We all met in the clap clinic.

What kinda, er, musical back-ground?

I played in polka bands in Milwaukee ... that's it. I was trained in Milwaukee by an accordion player. That's the truth. And Mary, the lead singer — (Mary Readick) — was a cheerleader in Ohio. And the violinist — (Gary Spain) — his mother works with the Roger Wagner Choral. Our drummer Neil — (Neil Connor) — I don't think he knows how to ... I don't think he got any training from anyone. Aaron Price, our lead guitar player, I call him Wombat Willie, usta tack hamburgers on canvases.

Hamburgers?

You gotta admit, it's art! That was a dud question. We all learned how to play in the jungles of Malaya, during an epidemic of yellow fever.

What audience are you aiming at? Female audience. We just want to play for women.

Has living in Venice flavored your sound?

It's made it disgusting. (Clean laughter)

Would you like to be signed by a record company? ... or is that a silly question?

Sure, that's right. You noticed that. Going back to the question before, yeh, there's a lot of musical influence in Venice. There's a sound that has a slightly spooky edge to it. A certain influence from the Congas. The Doors were here, Canned Heat when they were a sort of spooky group, and a couple of other groups. There's a definite sound.

Basically, we're into Yiddish-Conga rock. We'll do anything for money. In Venice you have the old retired Jews and you have a sort of Afro-Latin thing happening. Castration is our basic push. We call Mary (heh!) "Carrie Nation, the Queen of Castration". She's out there to cut 'em off if they don't stand up. Her motto is: No more half-assed men in bed. It's the battle of the sexes.



"If they don't stand up, cut 'em off!"

Are you into the occult?

No. What's that sound?

I've got a mouse that lives in the house with me. I stayed up for two hours last night trying to catch him. The guys who lived down the street had a mouse in their house, and sometimes on acid they'd sit for three or four hours at a time, crouched, with their rifles trained on the trash basket. Waiting to kill a mouse with a B.B. I'm waiting to catch this sucker in the waste paper basket. If he doesn't pay rent he'll have to split. Everybody living here's gotta earn his keep.

What about Poppa here? (Poppa was his tail.)

He does perverse acts. Well, he doesn't really do perverse acts, but I do a lot of phony things to pick up girls and I tell them he does perverse acts, and I keep this book lying by the bed.

(Hands me book titled "My Dog, My Lover"). Have you read this?

No, I wouldn't waste the time. I have read excerpts from time to time. You can always find a juicy spot in a dirty book. Hold it on its back and, you know ... wherever it opens up to ...

It's not too hard. So I do that, and I keep this altar here so that no one can touch, but it's only to pick up girls. They come into here and say: Are you into the occult? And what sign are you? you know. When you're asked your sign it's best to say Scorpio. Scorpios are reputed to be good lays, though actually Taurians, I think, are the best. (Long pause followed by dirty laughter.) Don't ask me what my sign is.

What is your sign?

My sinuses are okay lately. I used to be strung on Dristan, til my nose started to turn into a dimple. I'm kinda hungry, how about you?

Well, yeah, I ...

You've probably got enough there, if you add a few vulgar footnotes.



"My Dog, My Lover"

Vulgar Footnote:

As we left, I noticed, taped to the door, a glossy photo of Victor Lazlo.

Magnetic Misory



the Leopard Man's Story

Jack London



He had a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and his sad, insistent voice, gentle-spoken as a maid's, seemed the placid embodiment of some deep-seated melancholy. He was the Leopard Man, but he did not look it. His business in life was to appear in a page of performing leopards before vast audiences, and to thrill those audiences by certain exhibitions of nerve for which his employers rewarded him on a scale commensurate with the thrills he produced.

As I say, he did not look it. He was, narrow-hipped, narrow-shouldered, and somewhat effeminate, but so much effeminate by phase as by a sweet and gentle nature. For as long as I had been trying to get a story out of him, Sam had appeared so lacking in imagination. To him there was no romance in his profession, no drama in his life, no thrill, nothing but a gray tannish and brown freedom.

Don't you, you'll be had four with this. It was nothing. All you had to do was to stay sober. Anything could whip a lion to a standard with an ordinary stick. He had fought one for half an hour once. Just his head on the one side, he had won with his head down, why, the thing to do was to stick out your leg. When he grabbed at the leg, you drew it back and let him on the nose again. That was all.

With the faraway look in his eyes and his soft flow of words he showed me his heart. There were many of them, and I remember one where a great deal had reached for his shoulder and gone down to the bone. I could see the marble rounded parts in the coal he had on. His right arm, from the elbow down, looked as though it had gone through a thousand machines what with the traps strangled by claws and fangs. But it was nothing, he said, only the old wounds bothered him somewhat when rain weather came in.

Suddenly his face brightened with a remembrance, for he was really as anxious to give me a story as I was to get it.

"I suppose you've heard of the lion tamer who was hated by another lion?" he asked.

He passed and looked pondering at a sack from the cage opposite.

"Get the toothache," he explained. "Well the lion tamer's

big play in the audience was getting his head in a lion's mouth. The man who hated him attended every performance in the hope somehow of seeing that one crushed down. He followed the show about all over the country. The years went by and he grew old, and the lion tamer grew old, and the lion grew old. And at last one day, sitting in a lion's side, he saw what he had wanted for. The lion crunched down, and there wasn't any need to build a dinosaur."

The Leopard Man glanced lazily over his shoulder at a number which would have been critical had it not been so sad.

"Now, that's what I call patience," he continued, "and it's a very thing. But it was not the style of a fellow I knew. He was a little, thin, weak-willed, weak-willed, and puffed Frenchman. DeVile, he called himself, and he had a new play. He did tragedy work and used to draw them under the head into a net, turning over more on the way in when you play him."

"DeVile had a quick temper, as quick as his hand, and his head was as quick as the jaw of a tiger. One day, however, the ring master called him a hog eater, or something like that and maybe a little worse. He showed him a glass the soft pink background he used in his hands throwing out, so quick the ring master didn't have time to think, and then he had the audience. DeVile kept the eye on the lion with his teeth, looking them into the world all around the ring master so that they passed through his clothes and most of them hit into his teeth."

"The lions had to pull the lions and to get him down, for he was played fast. So the world went around to watch but he DeVile, and he was dead by more than thirty years to his wife. And this was a bit of baggage, too, only all hands were afraid of DeVile."

"But there was one man, Wallace, who was afraid of nothing. He was the lion tamer, and he had the same trick of putting his head into the lion's mouth. He'd put it into the mouth of any of his lions, though he preferred Augustus, a big, good-natured beast who could always be depended upon."

"As I was saying, Wallace—'King' Wallace as I called him—was about of nothing else in head. He was a King and no mistake, Madame DeVile."

At an angle behind me the Leopard Man, instead of getting around, it was a twisted tale, and a monkey, jumping through the bars and around the post, then he had his paw over a big gray wolf who was trying to pull it off by main strength. The one seemed stretched out long and thin like a thick blade, and the unfortunate monkey's tail was raised a terrible plan. No finger was at hand, so the Leopard Man stepped over a couple of paces. Over the wolf a sharp blow on the nose with the light came for normal, and returned with a badly disappointed smile to take up his unbalanced instance, as though there had been no interruption.

—looked at King Wallace and King Wallace looked at her, while DeVile looked black. We waited Wallace, but it was no use. He laughed at us, as he laughed at DeVile one day when he showed DeVile's head into a basket of pears because he wanted to fight.

"DeVile was a pretty man. I tried to scrape him off, but he was cool as a cucumber and made no reply at all. But I have a grudge at his eyes which I had seen often at the eyes of wild beasts, and I went out of my way to give Wallace a final warning. He laughed, but he did not look so much in Madame DeVile's direction after that."

"Several months passed by. Nothing had happened and I was beginning to think it all a waste of nothing. We were West by that time, showing in Texas. It was during the afternoon performance, and the big tent was

filled with women and children, when I went looking for Rod Drury. He had passengers who just walked off with my pocketbook."

"Turning by one of the doors, we came I glanced through a hole in the canvas to see if I could locate him. The man's there, but directly in front of me was King Wallace, at night, looking for his lion to go on with his own of performing lions. He was watching with much amusement a quarrel between a couple of leopards. All the rest of the people in the dressing room were watching the same thing with the exception of DeVile, whom I noticed staring at Wallace with undimmed hatred. Wallace and the rest went on his lion following the quarrel to notice the end of what followed."

"But I saw it through the hole in the canvas. DeVile drew his pocketbook as though to look the man over his face with it (it was a bad day) and at the same time without part Wallace's back. He never stopped, but with a start of the lion's head kept right on as the doorway, where he turned his head, while running out, and shot a swift look back. The look troubled me at the time, for not only did I see behind it, but I saw enough to tell."

"DeVile will hear watching," I said, to myself, and I really breathed easier when I saw him as over the entrance to the dressing room and heard an excited cry for downstairs. A few minutes later I was in the big tent, where I had remembered Rod Drury. King Wallace was doing his lion and Wallace, the audience, the lion's head. He was in a particularly vicious mood, and he kept the lion's head up all they were all looking, that is, all of them except old Augustus, and he was just too fat and lazy and old to get started over anything."

"Firstly, Wallace looked the old lion's knees with his whip and got him into position. Old Augustus, looking grandly, opened his mouth and he kept the lion's head up all they were all looking, that is, all of them except old Augustus, and he was just too fat and lazy and old to get started over anything."

"Firstly, Wallace looked the old lion's knees with his whip and got him into position. Old Augustus, looking grandly, opened his mouth and he kept the lion's head up all they were all looking, that is, all of them except old Augustus, and he was just too fat and lazy and old to get started over anything."

The Leopard Man smiled at a recently, without failure, and the faraway look came into his eyes.

"And that was the end of King Wallace," he went on in his sad, low voice. "After the excitement, I watched my chance and beat over and smothered Wallace's head. Then I opened."

"It was," I said. "I pursued with having enemies."

"I saw," I said. "I pursued with having enemies."

"I saw," I said. "I pursued with having enemies."

ROBB

INTERVIEW by Tom Moran

Leafing through the unsystematically filed and often half-completed work of Ron Cobb gives at least a slight insight into the variety of his talents and the wanderings of his mind. There is a set of plans, rendered into the orthographic projections of top, side and end views so familiar to aircraft buffs, for a new never-to-be created airplane dubbed "the streetfighter". It is the Guevara GS-41A, a VSTOL guerrilla support strike aircraft bearing the clenched fist logo of the Peoples Air Resistance on its tailfin and was designed by Cobb to be "totally believable" during the height of America's mass fear of such underground groups as the Weathermen.

Another sheaf of papers details a robot, the cutaway view serving as an anatomical chart for upkeep and maintenance of the mechanical creature's servos and gyros. Again it is "totally believable". An uncompleted poster for the Sierra Club shows a family partaking of the picnic of tomorrow, an altogether grim future landscape their backdrop. Pencil sketches delineate the possibilities of jet-powered boats capable of skimming across water on solid wheels, and a ship which became in later life a prop for the movie "Dark Star".

There are paintings of Phobos, the inner moon of Mars, and other planetary landscapes painted in realistic detail where

Cobb has strived to "create a synthetic photograph of something that can't be photographed". This is part of Cobb's fascination, the rendering of the real and the fantastic into believable and almost mundane images as though someone had visited a far-away world, traveling in both time and space, returning with a kodachrome print.

One such painting sits on the makeshift easel in the living room of Cobb's West Los Angeles apartment. Commissioned by screenwriter John Milius, the painting depicts a man wearing Arab-styled garb astride a giant almost prehistoric monster. The pair is moving across a wide panoramic yet desolate landscape, obviously another place, another time. Cobb has tried to make this a believable view, concentrating on the small details of the humanlike rider's garments, the saddle and harness arrangement assuring the cultural compatibility of beast and burden.



scape, obviously another place, another time. Cobb has tried to make this a believable view, concentrating on the small details of the humanlike rider's garments, the saddle and harness arrangement assuring the cultural compatibility of beast and burden.

Ron Cobb grew up in the stucco pastures of Burbank, and following a less than brilliant academic showing at the local high school, he signed on at Disney Studios as part of the army of elves who made the animated movie "Sleeping Beauty". The real army, a variety of less than challenging jobs, the sale of a few paintings and science fiction magazine cover illustrations led him to the Los Angeles Free Press. In 1965 his first cartoon was published on the pages of the underground weekly, and for the next five years his political cartoonery took on the then contemporary (and still for the most part) political, social and cultural crises. Syndicated to hundreds of other underground and campus papers and eventually collected into four books the cartoons brought a measure of fame to the bulky blue-eyed and bearded artist.

When the fever of the '60s receded so did Cobb's infatuation with his cartoons. He gave them up and hit the lecture circuit, eventually touring Australia with his friend, songwriter Phil Ochs. Cobb stayed "down under", rekindled his cartoons for the Australian publication The Digger and made a motion picture on South East Asia for the Australian Students Union.

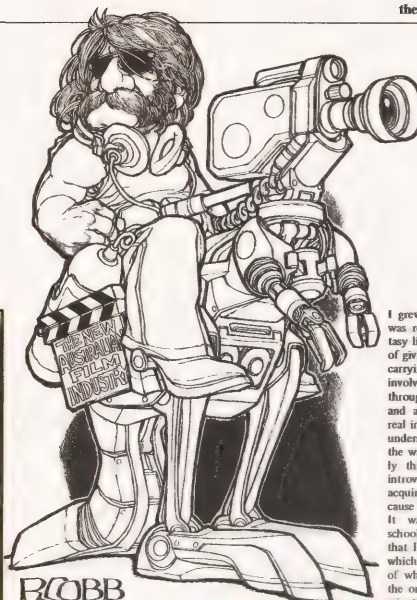
His co-worker on the film project was a pert brown-haired Aussie named Robin Love. They were married in a quick bureaucratic ceremony so that the two of them could return to the States without disturbing visa problems. They share an unobtrusive apartment in West Los Angeles located only a few blocks from The Little Spaghetti Factory, a small Santa Monica Blvd. restaurant operated under Robin's guiding hand and Ron's moral support.

How would you describe your own politics?

There is always a political interpretation to what I do and the format of an editorial cartoon in an underground newspaper is traditionally political. I'm a little uncomfortable with political labels. Generally, in light of the state of politics in the Western world, I am generally and broadly in favor of the left spectrum as an expedient measure to correct a lot of what's wrong with the ongoing political systems that dominate this country and the rest of the free world. But I have long term misgivings about the validity of most left-wing politics, socialism, communism. Maybe I'm an anarchist mystic socialist communist.

Your cartoons often depicted an apocalyptic future. Is your own view that dark?

It's been a while since I've done the cartoons. They covered a period from 1965 to 1970. As I recall I have always seen the apocalypse as an effective warning. I see it as a device. If I was really that pessimistic I wouldn't



ROBB

bother to draw the cartoons. It would obviously be what happened anyhow. I think part of the key is I have always brought a science-fiction view to politics. Because that's part of my early childhood fantasy life. This interest in speculation in the sciences and science fiction always contained these overviews and these grand landscapes of future societies and consequences. I was intrigued with using them as political commentaries. Saying why can't we use the same device and keep projecting these God awful pictures of the future as a kind of warning.

This is mainly after the fact but I guess it would be fair to say that I have always liked these images and I have always felt that much of what we do not understand about ourselves and where it was taking us almost had to be experienced before we learn it. And so I thought if I could simulate that experience by using science fiction projection I could demonstrate rather than preach a reasonable future. A reasonably believable future usually projected on the basis of something that was happening in the news



at that time. If there was a lot of ecological concern then I would use the image of the future that would be hard to deny.

It's a device. I don't say believe it but I think it's a way of throwing a spotlight ahead. So I fell into using that a lot. I can't say that I was ever convinced by using them. They were powerful. They were dramatic and powerful and I thought effective. Otherwise you are left with theorizing and preaching which are easy to dismiss but if you use a believable future maybe that is a more dignified way of reaching people. Simply saying is this or is this not our future. I have always been uncomfortable with political theorizing because it is always so easy to dismiss and that was the last thing that I wanted was to be dismissed.

Have you been painting throughout your career?

Career!!! I don't have a very disciplined or professional kind of art career, really. I find a fairly effective way of describing how a lot of this happened is that I found it very important to illustrate my fantasies as a child. And I stress that because I have no high faluting ideas of art or artists. I was mainly concerned with the appeal and the wealth of my fantasy life as compared with middle class Burbank where

I grew up which was so dull. I was reluctant to give that fantasy life up. I fell into the habit of giving it a kind of reality and carrying it into adulthood, these involvements with the fantastic, through drawing and illustrating and always making them very real in terms of the world that I understood: representational art, the way things look. Then finally this had a lot to do with introversion and the inability to acquire a formal education because I was a very poor student. It wasn't until around high school, doing poorly as usual, that I discovered science fiction which was the natural extension of what I had been doing. On the one hand it was logical and scientific. On the other hand it was awesome, fantastic and indescribable. So science fiction became a really intense discovery and I ventured into social contact for the first time in my life with people who were also interested in science fiction.

So, very briefly, I got out of the army in 1964 and decided to make a considered effort to make a living as an artist. It was the first time that it had ever really occurred to me. So I gathered up all the odds and ends, paintings I had done over the years and put on a one man exhibit at the Encore Theater on Melrose. They have a little gallery there. There were a few



new things, a few satirical drawings which were the forerunners of the cartoons. It was very successful and I got a lot of offers. Everybody from Ray Bradbury to Randy Sparks of the Christy Minstrels. So I did a lot of odd free lance jobs during that period until 1965 when I discovered the Free Press.

How did you get started there?

In the middle of 1965 I discovered the Free Press

through a friend of mine who had submitted an article to them. He took me down there and I met Arthur Kunkin. It was in the basement of the Fifth Estate Coffee House and this really appealed to me. This little Trotskyite character and the printing presses in the cellar. I had a strange quasi-political cartoon which I gave them but they never printed it. Months later I came by to see what was happening and I had another drawing.

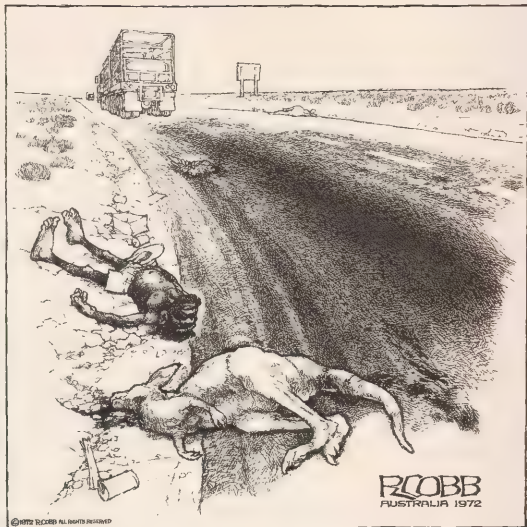
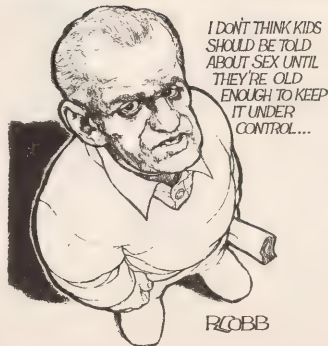


ROBB

ing with me, one I had submitted to Playboy and gotten the standard rejection form. Someone saw it and say "Hey, we'll print that." Two or three days later I bought a copy of the Free Press and turned to page 20. There it was and I didn't have to pay them a cent to do it.

I had never liked political cartooning. It never interested

me. I thought it was irrelevant. I never followed it in the Times or anything. I was a little puzzled. A kind of door opened because I realized I had a power there. Because I was giving them a cartoon they couldn't require me to do just a dull caricature of Lyndon Johnson or something. It began to occur to me that maybe I could do something



new. My mind went back to George Grosz and Goya and all this. Why doesn't someone do something like that about politics today? I wondered. These sort of larger comments. And as I said before a science-fictional view. Broad comments on nuclear war and man and nature. I did another one for them, man demonstrating his superiority over nature, and it went like that for a year, week after week. The Free Press had no money. There was no money in it but I was having a ball trying to do something more outlandish each week. Something that was pointedly unlike anything that I had ever seen. Something to transcend all the objections that I ever had to political cartooning.

Did the notoriety and success of your cartoons at the Free Press amaze you?

I have always been very introverted, especially as a child, not so much now, and I have always been kind of secretly convinced that I deserve to be ignored. So when I decided I wanted some sort of social contact I have always had an inordinately intense idea that I had to earn it. I had to do something spectacular before I could ever bring people to paying any attention to me at all and because I wanted other people to pay attention to me I set out to earn

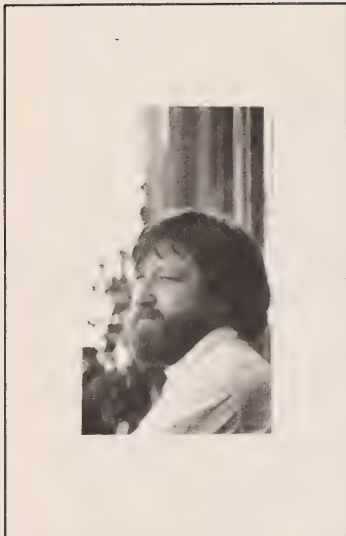
it. I kind of felt it was unique and fascinating enough to me and funny enough at times to warrant the attention but I balk at a lot of the interpretations I encounter and I am often bothered by some of the inadequacies of the work. It is not false modesty. I really am and I can tell you I am not discouraged by it. I think I can learn and I'm satisfied that I am learning all the time. All in all I'm fairly comfortable with the recognition I got from them. I wouldn't have been if I used other people's ideas but they were all mine.

Your description of the freedom given you during the early days of the Free Press sounds like a tremendously innovative period.

It was. That was what was so exciting about the Free Press. Not so much that in and of itself it was an important source of thoughts, political theory or anything like that. I've always been dubious of that. I just thought it was a marvelous device. An aperture through which a lot of exciting things could happen as well as a lot of pretentious trashy things. So I was very excited about the potential of the underground press while never really taking the major premise very seriously. I find a lot of left wing political theorizing very tedious.

In a way I was a little disappointed. I expected a lot of cartoonists and a lot more writers to emerge. I thought they'd jump at the chance to have their stuff published and seen by a lot of people. The money question cut out all the professionals. They were so short of copy they'd take anything you gave them. I was going to sit back and wait; I was sure someone else was going to think





of this kind of political commentary. Over the years no one ever did it. I was excited by the potential of the underground media and I fully expected it to subside; as it has.

How would you describe the painting you are doing now?

Well, I'm back to illustrating my fantasies now. I'm intrigued with what one can still do with representational art. I find a lot of the contemporary trends in art valid and exciting. I have nothing against them but I have to admit to being intrigued by the retinal image, painting things much as they look to the eye. I see that as kind of an illusion. Still, to copy that effect you can say some fascinating things which can be communicated very readily because everyone relates to it. I guess as categories of art go it would be fantastic realism to a degree. Sort of science fictional imagery. Whatever it is it has to be kind of extraordinary.

Do you use large canvases?

No. I've generally tended to work rather small but I'm trying to work larger. But I work on masonite panels.

Masonite?

I tend to. I have worked on canvas. I'm really very unprofessional in that I never bother to

figure out what I really like best. In a very haphazard method I have developed some habits. I like a very controllable surface. Especially for hard focus realism. A nice hard firm surface.

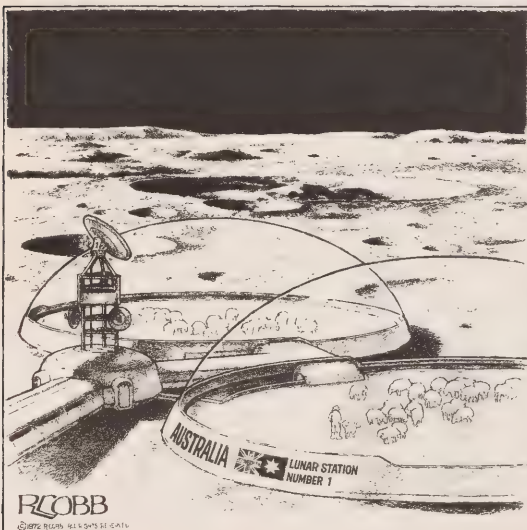
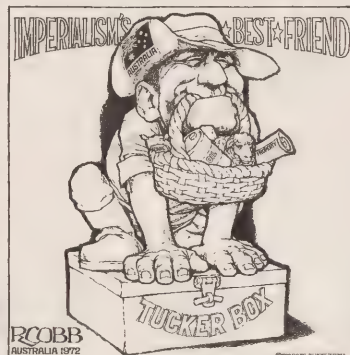
I have heard so many artists praise the feel of working with canvas and their personal relationship with it...

(laughing) I've tried it. I guess it works. I'm very put off by the mechanics of things. More than I should be but I am. I tend to skip over and I can't sit down and study the chemistry of painting or something like that. As a result I sort of stumble into things over the years but I am

very slow, very reluctant. From about the time I quit cartooning up until the time I went to Australia, about a year and three-quarters, I was in this terrible slump. I just couldn't get interested enough to do anything.

I just couldn't do anything. I lost a lot of interest. It seemed to be going on with a lot of people. Songwriters couldn't work. Writers couldn't write. That strange period when the sixties died.

Ron Cobb's cartoons were very much a part of the sixties and are readily remembered by an audience that survived those



very very slow at doing my homework or disciplining myself.

In what ways do you have problems with discipline? Where do you wander?

Just about anything you can imagine, I have trouble doing. Another way of putting it is to turn the whole thing upside down and say that I can only do things when I am getting waves of enthusiasm. If that subsides a bit I have no reservoir of discipline to push myself on. So I have to constantly be kind of excited about what I am doing. That's why I had to quit cartooning. I wasn't as excited about it anymore.

You find it difficult to maintain or build up this enthusiasm?

In devious ways I can rekindle an excitement but I can't just plow in and do it in a very mechanistic determined way. I'm not very good about that. I can sit around, read a book, see a movie, think about it, get myself excited about what I am doing. But I have to do that. I go through whole years when I'm

years when everything seemed so terribly important. But Cobb admits that the cartooning was a bit of a labor and that he is really a "frustrated writer" and "more excited by ideas" than drawing. One of those ideas could become a film, a venture he and Robin plan to co-make on the subject of women. Some of his other ideas will come out as paintings, the representations of synthetic cultures from lost history and unrealized future times. The rest... who knows?

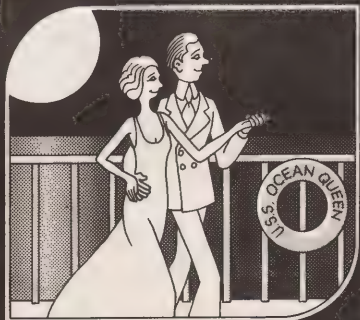
Daphne Spangler



Despite the occasional seasoning of anguish and frustration, motherhood is great fun and mighty satisfying!

THOMAS WARKENTIN

JULIE AND JOE DREAM OF DANCING 'TIL DAWN ON THE DECK OF A LUXURY CRUISE SHIP...



DANCING, IN DREAMS, IS GENERALLY A SENSUAL, SEXUAL EXPRESSION... HOWEVER, THE SERENITY OF THE SEA, AND THE DANCERS THREE DECKS ABOVE IT, SUGGESTS THAT THE DREAMER'S INTEREST IS RESERVED. PLACID.

GETHER, RIGHT SIDE TOGETHER, LEFT SIDE TOGETHER.
FT. SIDE TOGETHER, RIGHT SIDE TOGETHER, LEFT SIDE

ALL THE LIFE OF THE
EXPLORER! I TELL YOU
LOUISE, IF WE DIDN'T HAVE
SO MANY BILLS, I'D JUST QUIT
MY JOB AND HIT TH' ROAD 'N'
JUST BE A NOMAD, WANDERIN'
FROM PLACE TO —

FERGIT IT, MARCO
POLO! WE OWE ENUFF
ON THIS GODDAMN JEEP
TO KEEP US IN DEBT
'TIL DOOMSDAY!

THIS IS NOT A
JEEP, LOUISE...
IT'S A
MOTOR
HOME!

JEEZ
WHAT
RIG!

THAT LOVABLE HONKY HAS JUST TAKEN HIS YEARLY TWO WEEKS OFF FROM THE SALT MINES, AND NOW WE FIND HIM TOOLING DOWN THE HIGHWAY IN HIS BRAND-SPARKIN' NEW '71 WINNEBAGO RENEGADE. HIS HEART FULL OF HIGH HOPES AND DARING DREAMS... POOR DEVIL! LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT THE FORTY-THAT-ONE-ONE-ONE

THAT NIGHT WHITEMAN HOOKS UP AT A CAMPSITE
IN ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT NATIONAL FORESTS..



HEY YOU TWO!!
FRONT AND CENTER!!
WE'RE GOIN' FOR A
LITTLE HIKE!!

HUH?

MISSION
IMPOSSIBLE
IS OVER!

RIGHT NOW! C'MON, YOU CAN ALWAYS WATCH TV!! I'M GONNA TEACH YOU KIDS SOME WOOD-LORE!... LET'S GO!!!

HO HUM DO WE DO WRAFTA?

I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT.

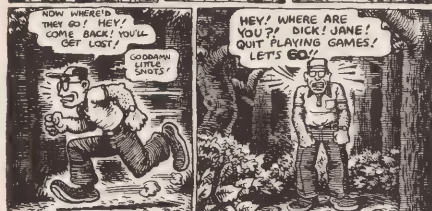
QUIT WHININ!
YOU KIDS ARE SO
BLASE! YOU'VE
HAD TOO MUCH
DONE FOR YOU!
THAT'S THE
TROUBLE!

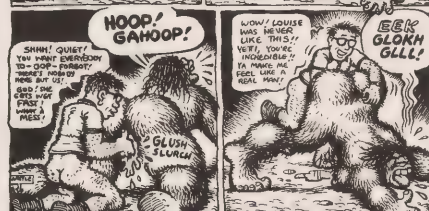
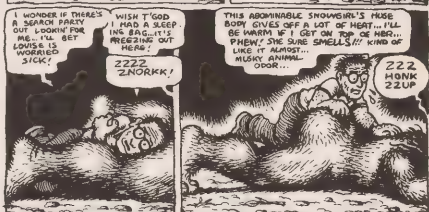
YA HAD EVERYTHING
HANDLED TO YOU ON A
SILVER PLATTER AND NOW
YOU DONT APPRECIATE
ANYTHING! I WISH
I COULD'VE SEEN THIS
COUNTRY WHEN I WAS
A KID... JUST LOOK

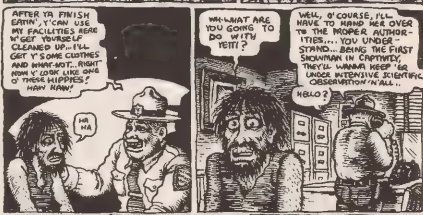
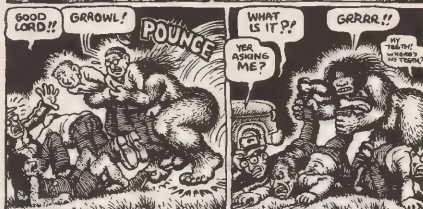
11. **Answer: A**—The passage states that the

THOSE
TREES! BIG
THRILLING
TREES!

TOTAL
NUMBER
25







THE TWO LONES AND RESIDE IN AN OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE...

NEXT DAY

I'M BACK, MY SWEET!
SORRY I WAS GONE SO LONG... I HAD TO HUNT ALL OVER THE CITY TO GET YOU SOME CLOTHES!!

ANY I WANT Y TO KNOW I SPARED NO EXPENSE... ONLY THE BEST FOR MY YETI!!

SEEHAN!

NONE O' 'N' DICKS CARRIED ANYTHING IN YOUR SIZE, SO I HAD TO HAVE MOST O' THIS STUFF SPECIALLY MADE. I TOLD 'N' TALLER I HAD A BATHHOUSE THAT'S BIG FOR HIS SIZE (HA HA)... HEARS, LET'S TRY 'EM ON YEA!

UUAH! THESE BOOTS ARE A TIGHT FIT... 'N' SICKENING! DON'T WORRY, BELIEVE ME, WHEN I TOLD 'EM HOW BIG YEE FEEL, THEY'LL BE OKAY ONCE Y' BREAK 'EM IN!

I THINK THEY'LL BE OKAY ONCE Y' BREAK 'EM IN!

?

GRUNT!

GRUNT!

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THIS HAIR... JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU WON'T BE RECOGNIZED!!

HEY, Y' KNOW, Y' DON'T LOOK HALF BAD IN THAT GET-UP NOW Y' PRESENT A STIMMING PICTURE, YA SAY 'N' GRANT!

WE CAN GO OUT NOW! IT'LL BE SAFE WITH YOU WITH THESE CLOTHES ON... WE'LL GO OUT TO MY BOSS AND WE'LL BE... VOICES!

OUT ON THE STREET

THIS IS EMBARRASSING! I CAN'T STAND TO BE CON-SPECULOUS!!

HOLY TOLEDO!

MAN, THAT DUDE SURE GOT HIS HANDS FULL! HOW HAW?

HEY! DUDE! WORK YA HANDS! FALL IN! FALL IN! FALL IN!

WHY DON'TCHA LEFT 'EM TAKE US ALL ON AT THE SAME TIME? HYUK HYUK

CLOP CLOP CLOP

AT WHITMAN'S HOUSE

OUCH! GET IN, BEFORE MY WIFE SEES US!

GOODAMMIT! CAN'T YOU GET THROUGH THE DOOR? JEEZZ! CROWN YETI! SQUEEZE YER BIG BUTT THROUGH THERE!

SQUEAK!

OMGOD! TH' WHOLE THING IS TIPPING OVER!!

HOLD IT, YETI! DON'T MOVE!

UNK?

UNK! THIS IS A FINE MESS!!

PUSH, YETI! PUSH IT BACK!

GRUNT!

CRASH

JUST WHAT IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING??

OH, I'LL HELP YOU... I... EA...

...AND WHO'S LEG IS BUT YOU'RE SITTING ON!!

OH, THAT? UH... THAT'S A FRIEND OF MINE... UH... HIGH...

WHITMAN!! YOU COME BACK HERE RIGHT THIS INSTANT!! I'LL KICK YOU FOR EVERY CENT, BUSTER!!

WHITMAN!! YOU COME BACK HERE RIGHT THIS INSTANT!! I'LL KICK YOU FOR EVERY CENT, BUSTER!!

AND SO, BIGFOOT TOOK WHITMAN BACK TO THE WOODS WHERE THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!!

I WISH YOU'D GROW UP!!

A FRIEND OF YOURS, HEH? I KNOW WHO THAT IS, SO DON'T TELL ME IT'S A FRIEND OF YOURS!! I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY YOU'VE RUINED OUR JEEP TRYING TO RUN ON WITH THAT TINY BEAST!

OH STOP IT! YOU MAKE ME SICK!!

YOU BOTTEN LOUSE!! YOU SON OF A BITCH!! I WITH YOU WOULD LEAVE! GO ON! GO WITH THAT AN!

CRAGHT ON TH' HORNS O' TH' ULTIMATE THREE POSSIBLE DILEMMA? I CAN'T JUST WALK UP AND SAY MY FAMILY'S IN LOTS OF TROUBLE! I DO WHAT I DO?

AND FURTHER... MORE, I'LL NEVER... SAHOONK!

MARK IT, JACK! NO WAY NO DAY ARE YOU GONNA GET AWAY WITH A STUNT LIKE THAT!!

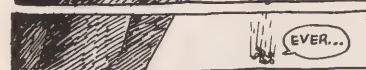
IT'S TOO LATE NOW, I GUESS I'M STUCK

SAHOONK!

THE END

KOAN KOMIX

HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...



MORAL: ENJOY LIFE WHILE YOU CAN.
KARL WARKENTIN ©1974

COOK UP!

WITH ROZ



I by no means consider myself a great cook. I have only just begun to love food; to awaken to its relationship to life; to see it and feel it as the source of energy it is. The two recipes I want to share with you were both created out of a desire to make something good to eat for myself and those I love to feed. They're easy to shop for, easy to prepare, easy to serve. I generally like to make a large amount in a big bowl, put it in the fridge, and let those who help themselves. These cool and refreshing salads have consistently received rave reviews.

SUMMER AMBROSIA

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 oranges | 2 peaches |
| 2 grapefruits | 2 nectarines |
| 1 honeydew melon or | 2 apricots |
| 1 cantaloupe or both | a heaping handful of dates |
| 1/4 watermelon | a heaping handful of raisins |
| 1/2 fresh pineapple | walnuts |
| 4 ripe bananas | 5 oz. flaked or shredded coconut |
| a bunch of grapes | 2 pts. whipping cream |
| 2 apples | |

Peel and section oranges and grapefruits. If you own or can borrow a fruit baller, ball melons. Otherwise, cut melon and pineapple in bitesize chunks. Slice bananas to desired thickness. Add grapes. Peel apples, quarter them, then quarter them again. Do the same double quartering of the peaches, nectarines and apricots. Pit and halve dates. Shell and double quarter walnuts. Add dates, walnuts, raisins and coconut. Mix it all up. Refrigerate. Just before serving, whip cream and fold in. If you like, a little honey may be added to sweeten. Either pour it directly over fruit before mixing or blend into whipped cream. Before serving, sprinkle extra coconut over individual portions. Feeds 10 generously.

MACARONI AND SHRIMP SALAD

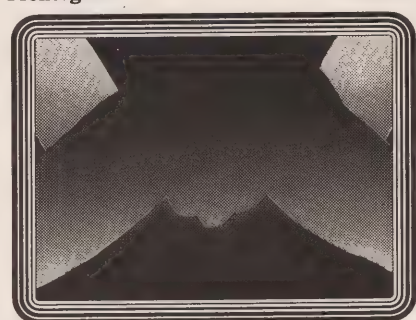
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1/2 lb. elbow or salad macaroni | dill weed |
| 1 lb. shrimp | thyme |
| 1/4 cup lemon juice | parsley flakes |
| 1/4 green pepper | paprika |
| 2 stalks celery | salt |
| 2 green onions | pepper |
| 4 oz. (about 15) pitted black olives | mayonnaise |

Cook macaroni. Drain. Devein and cook shrimp. Marinate shrimp in 1/4 cup lemon juice for 5 minutes. Chop green pepper, celery, onions and olives and combine with macaroni and shrimp. Add seasonings to taste. Add mayonnaise. Mix. Chill -- enjoy! Feeds 4.

Both of these recipes are highly flexible. Feel free to vary the ingredients and their amounts as the spirit moves you. In other words, **COOK!**

Prontogram

D. Wilk



GOT THE MUNCHIES?

MAD HATTER DELI

IN
SANTA
BARBARA:
922 STATE ST.
(805) 962-4611



THE VISCERAL PLAYERS
PRESENTS

BY THOMAS WARKENTIN © 1974



FROM A SUGGESTION
BY DR. J. SYMPHES,
AUTHOR OF "PSYCHO-
SEXUALSYMBOLISM"

C'MON NOW,
LOOSEN UP A
LITTLE, WILLYA

LAY OFF,
DAMMIT!

I'M SERIOUS,
MEL!



JUST CALM DOWN AND
WATCH THE SHOW... I'VE
GOT TO USE YOUR
BATHROOM!

MEL, YOUR
LIGHT BULB IS
BURNED OUT
IN HERE!

NEW KIN EAT
LEAD,
CHINEE!

HAR HAR!
HAR HAR!



AT GUNPOINT, MEL AND SYLVIA
ARE FORCED TO ACT OUT THE TWISTED
EROTIC FANTASIES OF THE SADISTIC
VOYEUR... EACH ACT MORE PROFANE,
MORE GROSSLY SENSUAL THAN THE LAST...

SLOWER!

FASTER!

MEL MEL! MEL! MEL!

3 HOURS
LATER

TA TA,
FOLKS

STAY
INSIDE FOR
3 MINUTES, AN
NOBODY GETS
HURT!



\$63.00,
AS USUAL

G'NITE
GORDIE

YEAH
GORDIE?

YOU WERE
WONDERFUL
TONIGHT... JUST
WONDERFUL!

RIGHT!

G'NITE,
AND MEL

PHANTOM FLASHER'S

THOMAS WARKENTIN ©1978

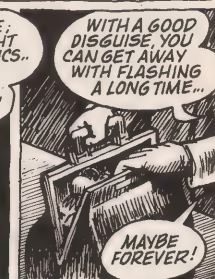
NOTE:



BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER, RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND, GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, AND READ ALOUD THE FOLLOWING OATH OF SECRECY...



I, (SAY YOUR NAME HERE), DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO HOLD IN ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE, EVERYTHING I LEARN IN THE FLASHER'S SCHOOL, AND TO UPHOLD THE FLASHER'S CODE AT ALL TIMES.



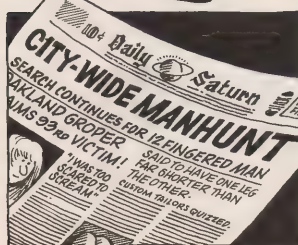
SIX-FINGERED GLOVES USED BY THE OAKLAND GROPER



THAT OLD STANDBY, THE NOSE GLASS, MUSTACHE, BEARD, EYEBROWS AND FROWN COMBIX-BWORN WITH TELLING EFFECT BY AUGIE CONCHA, "FLASHING GEEZER" OF AKRON.

WITHOUT DOUBT, THE MOST CREATIVELY DISGUISED FLASHER OF ALL TIME HAS TO BE THE "OAKLAND GROPER", SO CALLED BECAUSE, IN ADDITION TO BEING A FLASHER OF ENORMOUS TALENT (VERGING ON GENIUS!), HE DOUBLES IN OVERT GROPING.

ALTHOUGH PURISTS SKOFF AT ANYTHING THAT ISN'T "FLASHING OF THE CLASSIC SCHOOL", THE GROPER'S BRILLIANT FLAIR FOR INNOVATION MUST REMAIN AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL.



THE GROPER PREFERS ELASTIC TORS.

☆ FASHION NOTE: CUSTOM TOE-SHAPED KUDU PELT TOE CAPS!

THE LEGENDARY "FOOLEM BOOT" CREATED BY THE "OAKLAND GROPER"

HIS SIX-FINGERED GLOVES AND "FOOLEM BOOT" (AT LEFT AND BELOW), COUPLED WITH HIS DISTINCTIVE PAPER BAG MASK (SEE NEXT PAGE), ARE SHIMMERING EX-AMPLES OF THE TIME-HONORED AXIOM: "BOGGLE THE MIND, AND YOU BOGGLE THE MEMORY."

THE FOOT IS SECURELY STRAPPED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLLOW BOOT (SEE CUTAWAY VIEW).

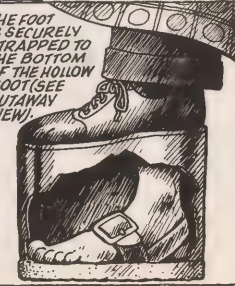
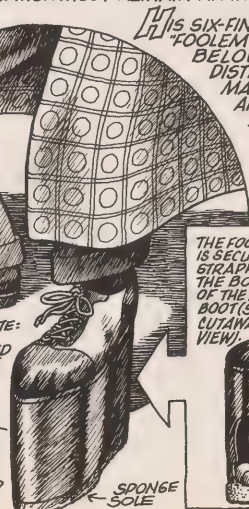


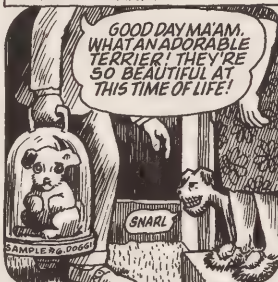


PHOTO COURTESY OF FLASHER PHOTO ARCHIVES.

THE GREAT EMIL RIALTO

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND, THE ARTIST WHOSE PERVERSE CREATIVITY WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE OAKLAND GROPER, A VERY IMPORTANT FLASHER, AND ONE OF THE GREATEST SEX OFFENDERS OF ALL TIME... THE GREAT EMIL RIALTO!

EMIL RIALTO (THE OAKLAND GROPER), ENJOYS A MODEST SUCCESS AS A FREE LANCE, HOUSE-TO-HOUSE TAXIDERMIST OF GREAT CHARM...



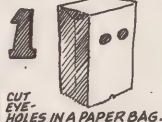
...AND CUNNING.

HOW TRAGIC TO ABANDON THE LOVELY CREATURE TO THE RAVAGES OF TIME: THE SAGGING FLESH, THE LINES OF STRESS...

BUT (PRAISE THE LORD!) THERE IS A WAY TO SPARE THE LITTLE DEAR.



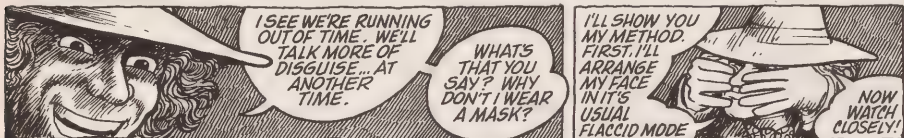
FOLLOW THESE THREE EASY STEPS TO FLASHING ANONYMITY, GROPER STYLE!



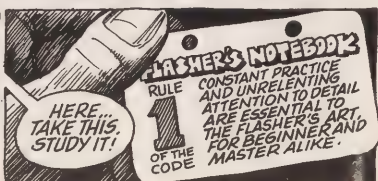
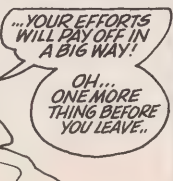
BAG MASK →



IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, THE OVERALL EFFECT OF THE GROPER'S STYLE. HIS SALUTATION, THOUGH CRUDE, CANNOT DETRACT FROM THE PANACHE AND ELAN WHICH SET HIM APART FROM THE CROWD.



WITH PRACTICE, THE DETERMINED FLASHER CAN CONTORT HIS FEATURES BEYOND ANY HOPE OF RECOGNITION!



John Haag

MISSION TO THE EAST

It's strange how feel tranquilly, almost at peace
up here above it all, snugly enclosed,
our complex eggs packed close behind the nose,
while shrieking bombers race us to the East.
The clouds break up to show us bits of sea,
the navigator checks our way to land,
the bomb release fits firmly in my hand:
it all seems ordered, just as it should be.
For us so long familiar with the sky,
(not thinking now that when our bomb-clouds rise,
they'll fuse the earth and tear apart the skies)
it's only natural that men should fly.
How calmly, with a clean and shaven face,
I ride the mission that may end the race.

CENTURION'S COMPLAINT

I tell you, Rome ain't what it used to be:
the town's got fat, the boys don't want to fight
or want to fight for spoils: they've got in sight
some manor house or mansion by the sea.
We don't know what we fight for any more:
time was, the farmers fought for their own farms;
now it's the nobles' slaves we keep down by arms,
and lucky if we eat, outside the corps.
We've planted the wide world with Roman graves
and still plow on; but can you tell me why
the lordlings dance and banquet while we die?
That Jewish cult that claims even the slaves
have souls is gaining ground, and no surprise —
you push a guy too far and he gets wise.

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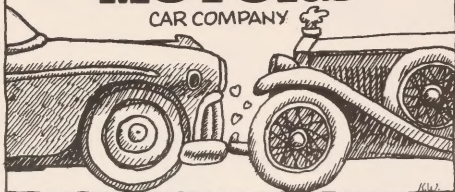
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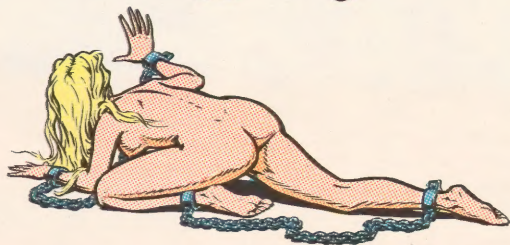


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